

THE EVENING TIMES

FRANK A. MUNSEY

EDITORIAL PAGE

Everyday Stories of the Workings and Workers of the Departments

The eye of the law appears occasionally to be crossed.

Now, if we could only discover a Carnegie to give the Capital a filtration plant.

Well, Mr. Croker did get out; but there was a note of defiance in his swan song.

Mr. Long may now expect to be occupied for a few days in denying the retirement rumor.

There are two Emile Zolas in Paris, and the other one is kept busy about half his time ex-claiming.

Geography is now raising watermelons. The kind of thing he used to raise was endless waterless.

German friendship for America is becoming so warm that Englishmen are mopping their foreheads.

There is strong reason to suspect that the Boers include tobacco sauce among their few manufactures.

All that the Servians need to do in order to produce a perfect imitation of chaos is to turn out the lights.

When some gentlemen get through sawing wood, they may find that senatorial length is too much for their oven.

If a permanent Census Bureau is established things will be less likely to get mixed than under the Saratoga trunk system of doing business.

It will take time to convince some misguided and youthful persons that their fathers succeeded in being fairly strenuous without learning to box.

Reports from South Africa show that the British have captured about four dozen Boers, but Lord Kitchener has not yet taken Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

The news that David B. Hill is being polished up as a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination ought to cause excitement in the region of Arthur P. Gorman.

It was found recently that the Tammany administration in New York had detailed four men and a foreman to take care of one horse; and then the horse probably went hungry.

Justice is generally depicted as blind but somewhat able-bodied. Washington's Justice, however, looks as though she had been in a railroad wreck, but she hasn't. She simply collided with the new District code.

During the present week the member of Congress who has been elected on the strength of his oratorical powers has realized with a loop-the-loop movement of the heart that most of the business of the nation is done in committee rooms.

It is too bad that Washington must continue to use mud as a beverage. It is also time for Congress to step to the front and propound the query, "What will you have?" When the gentlemen on the Hill reach that point, the response of vox populi will be made in no uncertain tone, and it will be: "A filter!"

The Greater Capital.

Having viewed the perfections and imperfections of the European capitals, the Park Commission is ready to present for inspection its model for the beautified Washington.

Every resident who believes that the Capital should be improved should go to the Corcoran Gallery and view the models. Curiosity may make advocates of the indifferent. Each champion gained for the campaign of the ideal will add force to the movement.

Congress should be given a special view of the models which represent the Washington that shall be when those who are now here have ended life's work; a Washington in whose glory the present generation may share by laying the cornerstone.

The Park Commission has labored with the enthusiasm of the artist, combined with the intelligence of the engineer who appreciates great beauty but does not neglect the material problems involved in its creation. The plans presented were not made in the bargain-counter spirit.

The Commission was to combine all the unique attractions of the European cities in a working model suitable to the best ambition of the National Capital—the ambition to be the capital of capitals, the capital of art, the capital of culture, the capital of scientific endeavor, the greatest municipal patron of all those higher things which contribute to the sum of national superiority.

The Washington presented in miniature—now the Washington of the imagination—will not be the Washington of tomorrow. But it may prove the inspiration that will start the wheels of that political and social machine which, once in motion, produces the city transfigured.

Ludicrous and Discouraging.

It is regrettable that our Pan-American friends persist in exalting the mountebank and the trifle instead of the philosopher and the statesman. Late tidings from the City of Mexico, where the representatives from all American assembled weeks ago for the purpose of outlining an international policy, are utterly discouraging. They are also ludicrous, considered from the spectacular point of view alone.

The Mexicans are against the Peruvians. The Peruvians are at odds with the Mexicans. The Chileans are generally disgruntled, and Providence

alone knows what the others are up to.

Each South and Central American Republic seems to believe that each other sister nation is trying to take advantage of it, and the result is a conflict of opinion and a war of words that promise to bring the conference to an inglorious end.

It is fortunate for our Southern neighbors, with their penchant for wrangling and jangling, that America is patient. More than once they have been treated with the consideration granted to spoiled children. But many of them seem to have the minds of pampered juveniles and the grey beards of patriarchs. Therefore, the hope that they will grow wiser as they grow older diminishes with the contemplation of the performances that are so persistently put upon the lower American stage.

And yet we are loth to conclude that the principal hope in this direction, as in the Philippines, lies in the rising generation.

American Universities.

The German Emperor has made considerable gifts to the new German Museum at Harvard University, and the Chinese Government has promised to provide the department of Chinese at Columbia University with rare manuscripts, books, and other facilities for study. These two facts, as well as Mr. Carnegie's gift to Washington, go to prove that it is not going to be necessary in the future for Americans to spend long years in study abroad, as was the case not much more than twenty-five years ago.

The change is for the better. There is no gain in crossing the ocean and expatriating one's self for a term of years to get something which can be found at home. Of course, travel is part of the education of every really well-educated person, but this does not mean that it is necessary to spend the best years of one's youth in Europe. It means rather that one may profitably, from time to time, sojourn in other lands, studying the people, their language, and their customs, both for the pleasure to be found in the study and for the general broadening of the mind. But there is no particular benefit in going to Heidelberg or the Sorbonne, adopting French or German methods of study, and learning to look at the world in the manner of a foreigner, when the work for which one is to be trained lies in this country. The American who becomes imbued with the European spirit is apt to get out of touch with his own country, and it is of importance that the educated American should not do this. He need not carry an American eagle around with him to scream defiance at the rest of the world, but he can, and should, believe in the future of his fatherland, and be ready to do all that one man can to make that future the most glorious possible.

A Brilliant Discovery.

A New Orleans inventor is at work upon what promises to be the most ingenious invention in the history of chemistry. He says that he is going to find out what it is in a goat that enables the animal to digest without injury any sort of thing from a tin can to a cucumber.

This, he is going to bottle up what he calls gastrin for use in preparation of various foods. With its aid, he claims that appetizing and nutritious dishes can be made out of sawdust, old boots, and tomato cans, and other things not now utilized in the food line. This will be a great boon to humanity, especially to that section of humanity which does not order ten-course dinners.

But why should it be assumed that the poor are to be the only beneficiaries of this new system of cooking? Would it not be an agreeable novelty to those accustomed to feed on terrapin and pate de foie gras, to dine on fried beef or wall-paper sauce? The only objection to this bill of fare would be its cheapness, and difficult to dispose of, probably prevented the appearance of baked beans, boiled corned beef and butter, on the tables of the rich and great. But this difficulty could be overcome by combining the wall-paper with other and more expensive things. Moreover, there are costly articles which are indigestible. A hampered brass plaque would be quite as difficult to digest as an tin can. The people to whom the cost of a feast is the only consideration might eat up some of their priceless curios.

There is no knot line when they happen when this enterprising gentleman fairly gets his goatine factory on a paying basis, but until then, perhaps it is wisest not to speculate.

The Tariff on Art Works.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

The oldest form of the tariff on art is that the old masters are put under the same tax as the young ones. Rembrandt, Raphael, and Praxiteles are forbidden by law to ship any of their non-union stuff to this happy land, with intent to have it sold for a price which would prevent the buyers from picking up any little things by T. Addison Richards or any other native worker. Mr. Alexander, the figure painter, declares "this kind of thing degrades art to the level of coal scuttles and patent medicines."

Hopes Built on the Ben.

(New York Tribune.)

Disturbing rumors come from the West, saying that a scheme is on foot to corner the egg market. But the modest, unassuming industries hen may baffle the plotters. Who can corner the diligent matrons of the nests?

Good Work From Good Food.

(Omaha Bee.)

An alleged expert who has been studying the question asserts that American workmen are overfed. In spite of this announcement, the American people will continue to wish the American workman three square meals a day and trust to his intelligence to keep the country in the front rank of the industrial world.

Webb Davis' Waybackness.

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat.)

Webster Davis announces his permanent retirement from political life. There are no seats in the rear of the one now occupied by Mr. Davis.

An Embarrassing Question.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Don't embarrass a rising statesman by asking him about beet sugar.

Pretty Actresses of the Day



Miss Elgie Bowen, Who Appears With "San Toy" at the Columbian.

THE PLAYER FOLK.

Elgie Bowen, one of the young women who did so much to make the production of "San Toy" a success at the Columbia theatre last night, will be recalled by the local theatre patrons as one of the principal members of the cast. Her musical comedy company that presented a number of musical pieces at the Columbia theatre last summer, after the regular season.

Miss Bowen's rise in the theatrical world has indeed been very rapid. Scarce a year ago, she made her appearance in vaudeville, at the Academy of Music, she attracted such a favorable notice for her singing in this line of stage work that she was engaged for a minor role in "San Toy" at Daly's, and in her "Song to the Moon" scored one of the big successes in the original production of the very delightful Chinese musical play.

Miss Bowen has aspirations and hopes some day to become a great prima donna. She says she works very hard, and she practices for hours every day, and this statement is substantiated by her mother, who at one time that she was engaged for a minor role in "San Toy" at Daly's, and in her "Song to the Moon" scored one of the big successes in the original production of the very delightful Chinese musical play.

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ALONG THE SKIRMISH LINE.

Undue Repression.

"So your new cook went insane, did she? What was the matter?"

"We don't quite know, but Henry bought a set of indestructible dishes just before she came, and no amount of effort could break them. Maybe she missed the excitement."

A Natural Inference.

"Papa, do they make angel cake out of clouds?"

"My son, I don't know, but from the effect of that piece I ate last night at the sociable I judge it was made out of a thundercloud."

The Drawbacks of Travel.

"Is the New York custom house really as bad as it is said to be?"

"Well, I've been through it, and all I can say is that it reminds me of a dream I had just after I'd been drumming for a clothes-wringer concern. I thought they were putting me through the wringer to show the perfection of the construction."

The Crowning Insult.

It was in the back alley, and two garage carts had met in a space barely wide enough for one. Altercation followed.

"You're another!"

Then came the climax in thunderous tones.

"Say, you ain't no gentleman!"

The Vanishing Point.

"So Miss De Roque's father has contracted for her a marriage with that Italian Marquis, has he?"

"I don't know, but if I should have heard of the Marquis, is true, I should think any kind of marriage with a respectable girl would have to be contracted to make it fit him."

"Show me that—where does it say that?"

"It's all right," exclaimed the distracted bridegroom, rushing into the house the night before the ceremony, and stumbling over a valise. He clawed at a pile of boxed wedding cake to save himself and strewed them all over the floor, and when order had been restored he was still unable to speak coherently. Finally they made out that he had been to get the license, and they wouldn't let him have it, whether under some new law requiring a property qualification or not he did not know.

"Yes, he had been calm, as calm as when he was a clerk, could get nothing whatever out of the clerk."

"Where did you go?" asked the majestic mother of the bride, as a last resource.

"To that big white building opposite the new theatre, of course, and turned to the right as I went in."

"Gracious, man! that isn't the City Hall! You went to the registry division of the postoffice!"

An Awful Possibility.

"They have found out in Paris that a microbes causes grey hair."

"Is it possible?" said one of these days microbes will form labor unions and boss this whole earth, and then won't there be a happy time?"

The New Theory.

"Gout and genius are closely allied, according to recent scientific discoveries."

"I don't believe it, but I'd take chances on the consequences of having genius if I could have all the good times that cause gout."

Shod for War.

Mr. Kipling's poem seems to have numerous feet all clad in hobnail shoes.

Femme Incomprise.

"I am so misunderstood," sighed the camel with a pathetic expression.

"What's the matter, madam?" enquired the elephant, politely, albeit a little wearily.

"Why, the monkey asked me just now what I had said, and I told him I was sure I haven't shown a bit of temper."



and a vacant seat on the floor of the House is a rarity. The gentleman from Iowa never talks just to hear himself. But now and then during his eight years of continuous service in the House he has taken occasion to make a few remarks, and each time he has added fresh laurels to his reputation. Mr. Cousins is a member of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and when the Diplomatic Appropriation bill is reported to the House he may enliven the debate with a few words of opposition to send special envoys to represent the United States Government at the coronation of Edward VII.

Doorkeeper Glenn has appointed a new assistant, who has not yet thoroughly acquainted himself with the methods of procedure in the House or with the members. He is anxious to learn, however, and consequently asks questions of the older employees when there is anything he does not understand. The other day during the consideration of the census bill Mr. Moody of Massachusetts was in the chair. The new assistant doorkeeper had heard something about the Committee of the Whole, but he did not know Mr. Moody. He asked who the gentleman was sitting up in the Speaker's chair. "Mr. Moody," someone informed him.

"Mr. Moody?" exclaimed the man in surprise, "why, I thought that distinguished looking old gentleman, Mr. Grosvenor, was the Committee of the Whole." Mr. Grosvenor will now be known as the "Committee of the Whole."

Despite the fact that he is so prominent a politician out in Illinois, Representative Prince made a bad blunder yesterday. At least it was one which would not be expected from a national legislator. Representative Jenkins' bill providing for the execution of deeds to land in the District, in Porto Rico, and the Philippines, was under consideration. Mr. Prince wanted to know why the bill did not include the States as well as the District, and asked what a man would do who owned property in Illinois and wanted a deed to it executed in the Philippines.

Mr. Jenkins had to remind him that the Constitution of the United States did not give Congress jurisdiction over the execution of deeds for lands in the States, and that Congress only had authority in such matters in the Territories and the District. When Mr. Prince sat down there was an expression upon his face as if he had laid down a dollar and picked up a penny.

Mr. Charles H. Greathouse is what is termed editorial clerk of the Department of Agriculture, and so far as known he is the only man in the country who is honored with such a title. He has written a number of articles which were availed of by many of the big papers throughout the United States. One of his most interesting contributions to publication was used for the "The Growth of the Rural Free Delivery."

This, by permission of Secretary Wilson, was illustrated with pictures of the various ways used for the delivery of mail in different sections of the country and the subject was handled by Mr. Greathouse in an extremely able manner. Before getting his appointment in the cultural Department he was for a good while a reporter on one of the local papers.

Mr. William H. Peck, one of the division superintendents at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, has occupied a position in that big building for many years. Previous to the beginning of President Cleveland's first term he had a place similar to that now holds. But some time after the entrance of the democratic party into power a member of that organization cast a longing eye on Mr. Peck's job, and the latter was reduced in rank and pay. Fortunately, Mr. Peck numbered among those of his friends who have influence Senator Hawley of Connecticut, and after tedious sailing and much persistent work Mr. Peck was again promoted. He is a veteran of the civil war and during that struggle took part in many battles. He belongs to a number of organizations and is prominent in Grand Army of the Republic circles. He is attached to John A. Logan Post, and has been one of its officers for a long time.

Michael B. Gorman has for many years been a most excellent clerk in the Detective Bureau. His reports are models of neatness and his habits are extremely methodical. Precisely at 8 in the morning he begins his work for the day. Exactly at 12 noon, he starts for his home on Massachusetts Avenue, where he eats his lunch. When it is 1 o'clock he resumes his duties, and when the hour for quitting work arrives he leaves the office. Always before going home for the night he takes a stroll for the purpose of recreation, and he invariably walks over the same route.

Detective Watson, one of the staff at Police Headquarters, has a special field in which to labor, and in this he is an expert. He devotes his whole time to looking after policy promoters. When he finds a man or woman going across Long Bridge frequently and knows that they are not employed on the south side of the river he gives them a little good advice to the effect that he or she would better keep their money back and stay away from Jackson City. But if they reject his suggestions and he knows they are carrying slips for others he does not hesitate to take the supposed guilty one into custody.

Mr. William B. Severe, the superintendent of the mail repair shop on C Street, is a resident of Maryland, where he is active in political affairs. His present home is at Riverside and he is president of the local Republican Club. Although still young he has been influential in his party's affairs for a long while. Most of his life was spent in Baltimore, where for many years he was a prominent speaker in the cause of the national reform. He also writes—occasionally—poetry not "poems," and these productions invariably secure a wide circulation.

Big hearted "Mike" Flynn, the policeman who is charged by Mayor Sylvester, Superintendent of Police, with the preservation of order in and about the Police Court Building was forced to arrest a few days ago one of his former comrades in the army. The offense was not a serious one and was only for being drunk, but it caused Mr. Flynn a pang of sadness to take the poor unfortunate into custody. Years ago the former and Terrence Connelly were serving their Government in the far Northwest. Upon being finally discharged, which both were honorably, both came to Washington though not together. Mr. Flynn was appointed on the police force and his former comrade was admitted to the Soldiers' Home, where to comply with certain rules caused Connelly's discharge from that institution, and when he went on his last spree he hunted Mr. Flynn up and asked him to arrest him which was done.

Inspector of Pawn Shops Phillips has a fund of reminiscences which is so vast as to make him really wealthy in that line. He has occupied several different positions at Headquarters in each of which he has performed the duties with earnestness and efficiency. Before entering the service of the District Government Mr. Phillips was for a long time employed at the Capitol, beginning as a page and rising to the head of the corps. There is one incident in his career when he was, said, frightened almost to death. This was when he was about fifteen years of age. It happened that by some mistake the secretary of the National Committee of one of the great political parties sent him a printed circular by which he was asked for a contribution for campaign purposes. Boy like, he showed it to his comrades and one of the Senators who overheard the conversation asked young Phillips to give the paper to him which the former did. As soon as the Senator could get the floor he sent it circular to the clerk's desk to be read, and when the reading was finished made a terrific speech in which he scored the opposing party for having as he said leveled tribute upon children. Young Phillips listened with fear and trembling to the speech and fully expected to be summarily dismissed from his place, but he was even more surprised when he was put after being taken from a prisoner.

There is a great wealth of ability among the many hundreds of employees who work in the Government Printing Office. Some of them have in days gone by been editors, some have composed poetry, and some have written novels. Among the latter is Mr. Harry S. Sutton, who is known among his most intimate friends as "Maud S." Just why Mr. Sutton was given that title is not clearly understood, but it is commonly accepted that it was because he walks so rapidly. One of Mr. Sutton's novels appeared first as a serial in one of the local weekly papers and it had hardly been completed before he received offers from publishers from three different sections of the country, proposing to buy the copy and bring it out in book form. Mr. Sutton is president of the "Twentieth Century Knockers," an exclusive club of printers, the membership of which is limited to twenty-five. It is the intention of the club to have their first banquet during the present month. Mr. Sutton is an excellent after-dinner speaker, and upon the occasion of the dedication of the new public school building at Langdon made

an address which was literally "punctuated with applause." He is also one of the leading writers of the "Africanist," the official organ of the Central Labor Union of Washington, and his contributions to that paper are widely copied by other labor journals.